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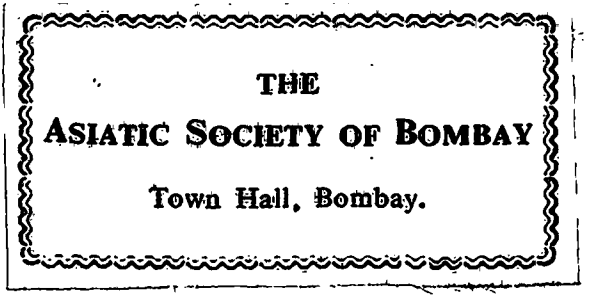

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THE WORKS OF JAMES THOMSON.

WITH HIS LAST CORRECTIONS and IMPROVEMENTS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.LXXV.

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SPRING.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

MR JAMES THOMSON.

MR *Thomſon* was born at *Ednam*, in the ſhire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father was miniſter of that place; a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-preſbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but juſtly reſpected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the paſtoral duty. His mother, whoſe maiden name was *Hume*, was co-heireſs of a ſmall eſtate in that country: a perſon of uncommon natural endowments; poſſeſſed of every ſocial and domeſtic virtue, with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth,

scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of *Jedburgh*; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his schoolmaster, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr *Riccarton*, minister of *Hobkirk*, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young *Thomson*'s puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

It is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr *Riccarton*, who, as he was a philosophic man, inspired his mind with a taste for the sciences. Nor were the reverend gentleman's endeavours in vain; for Mr *Thomson* has shewn in his works how well he

he was acquainted with natural and moral philoſophy; a circumſtance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impreſſions he received from Mr *Hamilton*.

Sir *William Bennet*, likewiſe, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr *Thomſon*, and uſed to invite him to paſs the ſummer vacation at his country-ſeat; a ſcene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleaſure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr *Bennet*, or for his own amuſement, he deſtroyed every new-year's-day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order: and crowning the ſolemnity with a copy of verſes, in which were humourouſly recited the ſeveral grounds of their condemnation.

After ſpending the uſual time at ſchool in the acquiſition of the dead languages, Mr *Thomſon* was removed to the univerſity of *Edinburgh*. Here, as at the country-ſchool, he made no great figure: his companions thought contemptuouſly of him; and the maſters under whom he ſtudied had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than their pupils.

In the ſecond year after his admiſſion, his ſtudies were for ſome time interrupted by the death of his

father; who was carried off so suddenly, that he was not present for Mr *Thomson*, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations have often taken some extraordinary instances of his grief and tenderness on that occasion.

Mrs *Thomson*, bereaved as she was with a family of nine children, did not however sink under this misfortune. She consulted with her friend, the Reverend Mr *Cuthbert*, what was most proper for her to do in her particular situation. This reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of *Edinburgh*, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely serviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which she was co-heiress, she repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*, where she lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite son was attending his academical course.

After having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr *Thomson* was entered in the divinity-hall, as one of the candidates for the ministry; where the students, before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity-chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr *Hamilton*; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particu-

by endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. One action had intended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, the 19th Psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of that psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow-students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiary; for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgement had a very great share. Their search however proved fruitless; and Mr *Thomson* continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr *Hamilton* acted a more noble and friendly part: As his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr *Thomson*, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr *Thomson* to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been open to his free choice; than probably it was; but perhaps he might still have pursued the clerical profession, had no the following accident opened up more extensive views.

About this time Mr *Thomson* had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr *Riccarton*, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr Auditor *Benson*, who, expressing his admiration of it, said, that he doubted not if the author was in *London*, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of *Benson's* was communicated to *Thomson* by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's then in *London*; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

Our author went first to *Newcastle* by land; where he took shipping, and landed at *Billingsgate*. When he arrived, he made his immediate care to wait on Mr *Mallet*, who then lived in *Hanover-square*, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montrose*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*,

Graham, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy; when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed but by one casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either hand; a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.——Before Mr *Thomson* reached *Hanover-square*, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert some of our readers, we shall here insert.

WHEN our author left *Scotland*, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to some persons of distinction in *London*, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he sauntered along the streets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually presented to his view. These must naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of less reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr *Thomson*'s mind was so engrossed by these new presented scenes, as to be absent to the busy crowds around him. He often stopped to gratify his curiosity, the consequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honest simplicity of heart, unsuspecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer in reaching *Hano-*

ver-

ver-square, than one leſs ſenſible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curioſity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapt up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man leſs philoſophical than Mr *Thomſon*; but he was of a temper never to be agitated: he then ſmiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

Mr *Thomſon*, upon his coming to *London*, was likewiſe very kindly received by Mr *Forbes*, afterwards Lord Preſident of the Seſſion, then attending the ſervice of Parliament; who, having ſeen a ſpecimen of his poetry in *Scotland*, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to ſome of his friends; particularly to Mr *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many perſons of diſtinguiſhed rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoiſſeur in painting, was become a profeſſed painter; and his taſte being no leſs juſt and delicate in the kindred art of deſcriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he ſoon conceived a friendſhip for our author. With what a warm return he met with, and how Mr *Thomſon* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verſes which he wrote on that occaſion.

In

In the mean time, our author's reception, wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to [illegible] the publication of his *Winter*; in which, as himself was conscious in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr *Mallet*. The poem, the first published of all the seasons, and the first production he published, was originally written in detached pieces of occasional description. It was by the advice of Mr *Mallet* they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the further advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three seasons.

The approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our Author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses: but, at last, the difficulty was surmounted. Mr *Mallet* offered it to Mr *Millar*, afterwards bookseller in the *Strand*, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr *Millar* had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste paper on

his

his hands, few copies being sold, till by an accident its merit was discovered. One Mr *Whatley*, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly unfashionable in the circumstance of being ahead of his age, happened to fall his eye upon it, and, finding some thing which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had these who read the poem any reason to complain of Mr *Whatley*'s exaggeration: for they found it so completely beautiful, that they could not but think themselves happy, in doing justice to a man of so much merit. Such heretofore was the fate of the great *Milton*, whose works were only found in the libraries of the curious or judicious few, till *Addison*'s remarks spread a taste for them; and, at length, it became unfashionable not to have read them.

As soon as the poem of *Winter* was published, Mr *Thomson* sent a copy of it as a present to Mr *Joseph Mitchell*, his countryman, and brother-poet, who

who, not liking many parts of it, inclosed to him the following couplet:

Beauties and *faults* so thick lie scattered here,
Thefe I could read, if *thefe* were not so near;

To which Mr *Thomson* subjoined extempore:

Why all not *faults*? injurious *Mitchell*, why
Appears one *beauty* to thy *blasted* eye?
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.

Upon a friend's remonstrating to Mr *Thomson*, that the expression of *blasted eye*, would look like a personal reflection, as Mr *Mitchell* had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet *blasted* into *blasting*.—But to return:

The poem of *Winter* is, perhaps, the most finished, as well as most picturesque, of any of the four seasons: The scenes are grand and lively; it is in that season that the creation appears in distress, and nature assumes a melancholy air, and an imagination so poetical as Mr *Thomson's*, was admirably fitted to paint those *vapours*, and *storms*, and *clouds*, the very description of which fill the soul with solemn dread. It is told of Mr *Riccaton*, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a bookseller's

shop

shop in *Edinburgh*, he stood amazed; and, after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand, in an ecstasy of admiration. The [illegible] impressions on, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *poet*, or love the *man*.

FROM this time Mr *Thomson*'s acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; among which were the Countess of *Hartford*, Miss *Dreghorn*, afterwards Viscountess *Primrose*, Mrs *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Bishop of *Derry*; who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of *Europe*, recommended Mr *Thomson* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true

cause-

cauſe of that undeſerved treatment has been ſcreened from the public, as well as the dark *miſrepreſentations* that were employed. But our author, who had the beſt information, places it to the account of

——*Studium ſævi, et politica invidia,*
Jactura et merces.——

THE poem of *Winter* meeting with ſuch general applauſe, Mr *Thomſon* was induced to write the other three *Seaſons*, which he finiſhed with equal ſucceſs. *Summer* made its firſt appearance in the year 1727; *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works in 1730. In that edition, the *Seaſons* are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful ſucceſſion, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodneſs*.

SUMMER has many manly and ſtriking beauties; in particular, the *Hymn to the Sun*, in which ſome hints are taken from Mr *Cowley's* hymn to Light, is one of the ſublimeſt and moſt maſterly efforts of genius we have ever ſeen. The introduction to *Spring* is very poetical; and the deſcriptions in

this poem are mild, like the ſeaſon they paint. *Autumn* ſeems to be the moſt unfiniſhed of the four. It is very however, without its beauties. A judge may have conſidered the ſtory of *Lavinia* more artfully and artfully introduced, as the moſt intereſting. The ſtory is in itſelf moving and tender, and it is perhaps no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of *Ruth* in the Old Teſtament.

As we would not willingly paſs over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted both by Mr *Cibber* and Mr *Murdoch*.

WHEN Mr *Thomſon* firſt came to *London*, he was in very narrow circumſtances; and, before he was diſtinguiſhed by his writings, was many times put to his ſhifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and, upon the publication of the *Seaſons*, one of his creditors arreſted him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr *Pope*, who had indeed read the *Seaſons*, but had never ſeen their author; and, upon ſtricter inquiry, he was told, that Mr *Thomſon* was in the bailiff's hands, at a ſponging-houſe in *Holborn*.

Thither

Mr *Quin* went; and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," cried he, in the abrupt tone of voice, "You don't know me, I believe; but my name is *Quin*." Mr *Thomson* received him very politely, and told, that though he could not boast of the honour of a perſonal acquaintance, he was no ſtranger either by his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to breakfaſt. *Quin* then told him, he was come to ſup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide ſupper, which he hoped he would excuſe. Mr *Thomſon* made the proper reply; and then the diſcourſe turned indifferently upon ſubjects of literature. When the ſupper was over, and the glaſs had gone briſkly about, Mr *Quin* then took occaſion to explain himſelf, by ſaying, it was now time to enter upon buſineſs. Mr *Thomſon* declared, he was ready to ſerve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he ſhould command; (thinking he was come about ſome affair relating to the drama). "Sir," ſays Mr *Quin*, "you miſtake my meaning; I owe you "an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr *Thomſon*, with a diſconſolate air, replied, That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he ſhould ſeek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," ſaid *Quin*, raiſing his voice, "I'll be damn'd before I would do that. I

"ny, I owe you an hundred pounds; and there it "is" (laying a bank note of that value before him). Mr *Thomson* was astonished, and begged he would explain himself. "Why," says *Quin*, "I'll tell you: soon after I had read your *Sea-"sons*, I took it into my head, that, as I had "something in the world to leave behind me when "I died, I would make my will; and, among the "rest of my legatees, I set down the author of the "*Seasons* an hundred pounds: and this day hear-"ing that you was in this house, I thought I "might as well have the pleasure of paying the "money myself, as to order my executors to pay "it, when perhaps you might have less need of it: "And this, Mr *Thomson*, is the business I came a-"bout." It is needless to express Mr *Thomson*'s grateful acknowledgments; we shall leave every reader to conceive them.

In the year 1727, Mr *Thomson* published his poem to the memory of Sir *Isaac Newton*, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count *Algarotti*, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues. This was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr *Gray*,

a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*; who, on that occasion, gave him a very much thought account, abstract of its principles.

At this time the resentments of our nation ran high against the *Spaniards*, for interrupting their trade in *America*; running very high, our author zealously took part in it, and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr *Charles Talbot* on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr *Thomson* visited most of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and, having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged: not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particu-

lar and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to England. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparison he had all along been making of our happy state of civil government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr *Thomson* was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734: which was soon followed by another, that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord *Talbot* himself; which Mr *Thomson* so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

BY this event, Mr *Thomson* found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during

ting which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward-Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord Lyttelton.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to England with Mr Charles Talbot, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, had made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting when Mr Thomson should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place which he might have enjoyed with so little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. Mr Millar was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they

they then required, who would of themſelves inter-
poſe in every ſuch occaſion for it.

His chief dependence, during this long in-
terval, was on the protection and bounty of his
Royal Highneſs FREDERIC Prince of *Wales*; who,
upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttleton*, then
his chief favourite, ſettled on him a handſome al-
lowance. A circumſtance, which does equal ho-
nour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to
be omitted; that my Lord *Lyttleton*'s recommen-
dation came altogether unſolicited, and long before
Mr *Thomſon* was perſonally known to him.

AMONG the lateſt of Mr *Thomſon*'s productions,
is his *Caſtle of Indolence*. It was, at firſt, little
more than a few detached ſtanzas, in the way of
raillery on himſelf, and on ſome of his friends, who
would reproach him with indolence; while he
thought them, at leaſt, as indolent as himſelf. But
he ſaw very ſoon, that the ſubject deſerved to be
treated more ſeriouſly, and in a form fit to convey
one of the moſt important moral leſſons. It is writ-
ten in imitation of *Spenſer*'s ſtyle; and the obſolete
words, with the ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the
lines, ſometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were
thought neceſſary to make the imitation more per-
fect.

WE

We shall now consider Mr *Thomson* as a dramatic writer.

In the year 1730, about five years after he had been in *London*, he brought on the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess, upon which the famous *Nathaniel Lee* has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.—We must not here omit two anecdotes which happened the first night of the representation.

Mr *Thomson* it seems made one of his characters address *Sophonisba* in the following words:

O! *Sophonisba*, *Sophonisba* Oh!

Upon which a smart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! *Jamie Thomson*, *Jamie Thomson* Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play for the sake of a joke; yet it is certain, that the line ridiculed does partake of the false pathetic, and should be a warning to tragic poets to guard against the swelling

style i

ſtyle; for, by aiming at the ſublime, they are often betrayed into the bombaſt. This line, however, has been ſince changed by our author for one leſs exceptionable.

As Mr *Thomſon* could not but feel all the emotions and ſolicitudes of a young author the firſt night of this play, he wanted to place himſelf in ſome obſcure part of the houſe, where he might ſee the repreſentation to the beſt advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly ſeated himſelf in the upper gallery. But ſuch was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would ſometimes whiſper to himſelf, "Now ſuch a ſcene "is to open;" by which he was ſoon diſcovered to be the author, by ſome gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great croud, be ſituated in any other part of the houſe.

After an interval of about nine years, Mr *Thomſon* exhibited to the public his ſecond tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr *Pope* acted a very friendly part to Mr *Thomſon* on this occaſion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the repreſentation on the firſt night with his preſence; which, as he had not been for ſome time at a play, was conſidered as a very great inſtance-

ſtance of Queen. The profits ariſing from this play were very conſiderable; and afforded him a very ſeaſonable ſupply after he had loſt his office by the death of Lord *Talbot*, and was ſtill out of place.

IN the year 1735, Mr *Thomſon* offered to the ſtage his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*; but, for political reaſons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* was, in this one inſtance, of ſome prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could juſtly give offence; yet the miniſtry, ſtill ſore from certain paſquinades, which had lately produced the ſtage act; and as little ſatisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not riſk the repreſentation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

THIS refuſal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr *Paterſon*, a companion of Mr *Thomſon*, afterwards his *deputy*, and then his *ſucceſſor* in the general ſurveyorſhip, uſed to write out fair copies for his friend, when ſuch were wanted for the preſs or for the ſtage. This gentleman likewiſe courted the tragic muſe; and had taken for his ſubject, the ſtory of *Arminius* the *German* hero. But his play, guiltleſs

pupil's as it was, being presented for a license, no sooner had the censor cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward* and *Eleanora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, Mr *Thomson*, in conjunction with Mr *Mallet*, wrote the *Masque* of *Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr *Mallet*, in the year 1751; but the edition we give is from the original, as it was acted at *Cliefden* gardens in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess *Augusta*.

Mr *Thomson*'s next dramatic performance was his *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas*: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr *Thomson*'s plays; and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, still continues to draw crowd-

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ed houſes. The ſucceſs of this piece was indeed inſured from the firſt by Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Cibber*'s appearing in the principal characters, in which they heightened and adorned with all the graces of their never-failing art.

THUS was the laſt play Mr *Thomſon* himſelf published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the beſt men, and beſt poets, that ever lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horſeman; and more ſo, in a road where numbers of giddy or unſkilful riders are continually paſſing: ſo that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the diſtance between *London* and *Richmond* with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat, and reſt himſelf, or perhaps dine, by the way. One ſummer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammerſmith*, he had over-heated himſelf, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad conſequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his houſe, at the upper end of *Kewlane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had ſo ſeized him, that next day he found himſelf in a high fever, ſo

much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last, Mr *Mitchell* and Mr *Reid*, with Dr *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August* 1748.

HIS testamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttleton*, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage, to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in *Scotland*. My Lord *Lyttleton's*

prologue

prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been written; the best it certainly was. Mr *Quin* was the particular friend of Mr *Thomson*; and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

He lov'd his friends, (forgive this gushing tear
Alas! I feel I am no actor here:)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art;
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal;
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr *Quin* here excelled himself: nor did he ever appear so great an actor, as at this instant when he declared himself none.

Mr *Thomson*'s remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in *Westminster-Abbey*. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr *A. Millar* published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire

...of which he chearfully dedicated to this ... was further propofed, that any ... ing him, and paying all expences, ſhould be ... to his relations. This ſcheme ... with deſerved encouragement. His pre... Majeſty, her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of *Wales*, his Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, and the principal nobility and gentry in *Great Britain*, appear among the liſt of ſubſcribers. Nor muſt we omit taking notice, that Madam *Bentems*, a *French* lady, who has obliged the world with a tranſlation of the *Seaſons* into her own language, (a tranſlation equally faithful and elegant,) deſired likewiſe to be a ſubſcriber to this edition of Mr *Thomſon*'s works.——It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parſimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artiſt, who erected a monument, not indeed deſtitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the *Abbey*, nor the preſent age, will derive any honour.

IT is pretty ſtrange, that, upon the death of Mr *Thomſon*, his brother-poets did not at all exert themſelves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This ſilence furniſhed matter to one of his friends for an excellent ſatirical epigram, which we are ſorry

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we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr Collins, who had lived some time [illegible], but forbook it when Mr Thomson died, wrote [illegible] ode to his memory. This, for the [illegible] melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that ſeems to have dictated it, we ſhall ſubjoin to the preſent account.

OUR author himſelf hints ſomewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the moſt promiſing. His make was indeed rather robuſt than graceful; though it is known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handſome. His worſt appearance was, when you ſaw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accoſt him, and enter into converſation, he would inſtantly brighten in a moſt amiable aſpect, his features no longer the ſame, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The caſe was much the ſame in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few ſelect friends, he was open, ſprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his ſhare. Such was his extreme ſenſibility, ſo perfect the harmony of his organs with the ſentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expreſſed, what he was about to ſay; and his voice cor-

extended exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the worst reader of good poetry. A *sonnet*, or a copy of nine verses, he could manage pretty well, to even improve them in the reading; but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakspeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

THE autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies: so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of *music*, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts

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of *paintings, ſculpture,* and *architecture*. In theſe travels, he had ſeen all the moſt celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the beſt productions of modern art; and ſtudied them to admiration, and with ſo juſt a judgement, that in ſome of his deſcriptions in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the maſter-pieces there mentioned, placed in a ſtronger light perhaps than if we ſaw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and ſome drawings from the antique, came afterwards into the poſſeſſion of his friend Mr *Grey* of *Richmond-hill*.

As for his more diſtinguiſhing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better repreſented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the moſt elevated and juſt conceptions of his operations and providence, ſhine out in every page. His tenderneſs of heart was unbounded, extending even to the brute-creation. He had a grateful ſoul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received; nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithſtanding a long abſence, new acquaintance, or additional eminence; of which the following inſtance cannot be unacceptable to the reader:

Some time before Mr *Thomſon*'s fatal illneſs, a gentleman inquired for him at his houſe in *Kew-*

lane,

...ster, near *Richmond*, where he then lived. This gentleman had been [illegible] acquaintance when very young, and proved to be Dr *Cuthbert*, the son of the [illegible] Mr *Cuthbert* formerly mentioned, who had been Mr *Thomson's* patron in the early part of his life. The visitor sent not in his name; but only intimated to the servant, that an old acquaintance desired to see Mr *Thomson*. Mr *Thomson* came forward to receive him; and looking stedfastly at him (for they had not seen one another for many years,) said, "Troth Sir, I cannot say I ken your counte-"nance well. Let me therefore crave your name." Which the gentleman no sooner mentioned, than the tears gushed from Mr *Thomson's* eyes. He could only reply, "Good God! are you the son of my "dear friend, my old benefactor?" and then, rushing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at so unexpected a meeting.

Such was the *heart* of Mr *Thomson*, whose life was as inoffensive as his page was moral: For of all our poets, he is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of indecency; and, as my Lord *Lyttleton* happily expresses it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*,

——His chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Edin. July 28. 1768.

ODE

ODE

ON THE

Death of Mr THOMSON.

By Mr COLLINS.

The ſcene of the following ſtanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the *Thames*, near *Richmond*.

I.

IN yonder grave a druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Then

III.

Then ſtands and ſmiles and ſighs by turns,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear,
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

* Richmond Church.

Yet

VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And joy deſert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Siſters now attend,
Now waſt me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom:
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long,

XI.

[illegible] thy ſtone, and pointed clay,
[illegible] the muſing Briton's eyes;
[illegible] wild words, ſhall He ſay,
[illegible] yonder grave your Dreid lies!

THE

SPRING.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of HARTFORD. *The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and laſt on Man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.*

SPRING.

COME, gentle *Spring*, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.

O *Hartford*, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And ſee where ſurly *Winter* paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhattered foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And *Winter* oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht

To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plowers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.

As yet from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th'expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th'impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſened from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th'obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE through the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.

BE gracious, *Heaven!* for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye ſoftering breezes, blow!

Ye

Ye softening dews, ye tender flowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe but themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!

Now ready thro' the lengthen'd airy clime,
To meet the genial year, the joyous train
Of birds, full-crowding from the sultry south,
Arrive. Some time they stay, and undecided
Try many a place; then, weighing every care,
Pair wedded, and resolve. Some to the tufted grove,
Some to the clift, the ruin, or the hollow bank,
Sacred to silence, hasten instant; some
Delighted build amid the mingling boughs
That hang around your rural seat, and nigh
Your chamber window, ever full of life
And sweet entertainment, whether you choose
To taste the smiling landscape, or the book
Of Nature, or the page where she delights
To paint her feathered children, as she paints
The vernal field.

The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluting early every window, sings
Aloft in air, unseen, his shrilly lay;
Or, on the ridge of some resounding hill,
Rejoicing, meets the first slant beam, and shakes
The dropping dew. Less vocal than the lark,
Who all day long in the ethereal vault
Will pour his music, nature's every throat
Attuning, the live valley sweetly calls
To general harmony. The tender race
Of callow birds, crowding for food, with notes
Inarticulate, and gaping wide
For the big mouthful, ask their parents' care.
Whilst vivid green o'er all the lightening fields
Returning spreads, and swells the hoary hill,
The moving quire, assembling thick, in song
Exulting, every bush and hedge pour forth
Their tuneful transport; every valley rings,
Shakes every wood, and echoes round the noise
Of wantoning, serenading, courting love.
Happy season!

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing concealed. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent brush, as through the verdant maze

Of

Of sweet-bean'd beds. I pause my walk
Or [illegible] the bleat of dairy'd cows,
Some cumbrous, sluggish in the pasture'd vale;
And [illegible] country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies:

If blust'ring from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise nor, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year:
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns!
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frothy tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,

With

With spring-ad water drowns them in their nest;
Now with [illegible] they pick them up with curs'd [illegible]
[illegible] dropping blobs and frizzly fears!

O Ye, patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. The [illegible] floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse

Forgetful

Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all.
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in grim ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtrain their wings with oil
To throw the ſleet moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And foreſts, ſeem impatient to demand
The promiſ'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er the freſhened world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;

Till,

Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the ſtorm
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt flies,
Flakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their ev'ry muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweetened zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow,
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful *Newton*, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſcloſ'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,

A ſoftened ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro' ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

THEN ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee

The ſluggard ſleep beneath its fleeced helm
For their light ſlumbers gently turn'd away;
And by their hoſe vigorous as the ſun,
Dire the culture of the willing glebe,
By the cheerful tendance of the ſtock
Thro' all the fruitful year: and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away: while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of *Heaven*;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd in ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distempered mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The fatal disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into sell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows

The partial thought, a lifleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Hot, fierce diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Cold-blooded deceit, and ruffian violence:
All that, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
As deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.

HENCE, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and ſummer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Nor yet the waters, nor ſulphureous glooms

Swell'd

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life,
But now, of tainted aliment, the food,
From clear to cloudy oft, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with powerful-acting change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enfanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth; shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,

E'er

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
[illegible] but you, ye flocks,
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In copious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy tender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair.
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:

Cast lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the fluctuating ſhore below,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, pittcous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

To use pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath you spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy nest builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes; such as the *Mantuan* swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And lofe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah, what ſhall language do! ah where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?

YET, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.

SEE, where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,

In

In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the ravith'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic *art*, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its etherial ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.

At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.

But

But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Wide-spread, the blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in your mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail,

Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

When

Warm, first the ſoul of love is ſent abroad,
Warms into life, and on the heart
Harmonious breaks, the gay troops begin,
In gallant chaſe, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the meſſenger of morn;
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone.
All the full concert, while the jocund throng
A melancholy interval [illegible]

[illegible] love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the gloomy kind
Try every shining way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That *Nature*'s great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicker some;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the grafly dale,
Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or thaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry thro' the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſened ſpring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand

High

High on th'opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while the fluttering Sire
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunt molest,
Amid a neighbouring hill they silent wait,
And whirring thence as if alarm'd, deceive

Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering prey, the white-winged plover wheels
Her anxious flight, and then directly on
To tempt his sportful rage, the lowly pair,
That, o'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;

Her

Her plumes ruffle, and low-drooping fcarce
Can reach the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she tells
Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable theme,
Of winding woe: till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden: and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground

Alighted, bolder up again the lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Roused into life and action, light in air
The acquitted parents see their tasting race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost * *Kilda*'s shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt houshold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chickens family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;

* The furthest of the western Hebrides of *Scotland*.

Whose

Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The lofty-failing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, gobbles; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their pure loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous madning rage, wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him

Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury: to the hollow'd earth,
Wide-rent, the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix.
While the fair heifer, calmly breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling field,
With this hot impulſe teiz'd in every nerve,
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aerial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madneſs of the ſtrained ſtream
Turns in black eddies round: ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and ſolid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fierce bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing,

I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
How shall I reach the mountain-brow,
Where e'er the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun,
Around him feeds his army-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in fearful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil; ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours *Liberty* and *Law*,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?
Inspiring God! who boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.

But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing author in his works appears;
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy sweet dawn,
The' Sacred Good is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty; which exalts
The' brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For

For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun deals his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!

These are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend: thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the muſe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou ſtray'ſt;
Thy *Britiſh Tempe!* There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and hoary'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-dathing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened ſilver thro' the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade

Of

Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander thro' the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
Worth soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toil by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent panting, turn, and from her eyes,

Where

Where mockered ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſentiment dwell, enraptur'd, drink
The mingled ſpirit of ethereal joys.
Greater is the happineſs I wiſh you,
Alone, believe, and on a *ſacred* day,
Meantime you gain the height, from whence ſuch views
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immediate around:
And catch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoak, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide ſtretching from the *Hall*, in whoſe kind haunt
The *Hoſpitable Genius* lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.

Flush'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round,
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets: ſhe breathes of youth,
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear exſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts;
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in rock full million dress'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Catch on your purpose'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbine flaunts, and roses shed a gloom,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing smile; the modest seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Ever present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,

And

And great delight, oppressive load
Of luxury, by life, to patient heave.

Now all abroad, wearisome to mortals, drives
Rage in each moment, by offence enlarged,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies, and sliding to ruin,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and you bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy fits, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
Full-orbed and breaking through the scattered clouds.
Then, issuing forth, she walks in radiant pride
Along the heavenly way. With her the train
Leads on the gentle hours; thus forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flowery covert bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Just

Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravell'd wilds,
With desolation brown, he wanders wide,
In pigh and tempest wrapt; or thinks aghast,
Back, from the brading precipice, or wave
The rushid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Infernal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with tintender fire;

A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant fire,
And frighten love away. Ten thousand fears,
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of hopeless love, hanging on the charm
Of beauty lifeless to its coldness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of enchanting love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His brightest moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarseness of the sordid laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning

Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
Inseparable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence; for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, discloses new charm,

The

The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together do they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bleſs immortal reign.

SUMMER.

SUMMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr DODINGTON. *An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies, whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightening. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on* GREAT BRITAIN. *Sunſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.*

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair diſcloſ'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inſpiration!* from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and rapture glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtacy of ſoul.

AND

And then, my youthful Muse's early friend,
To whom the Lumin graces all incline;
Whose lib'ral bosom, and tender nerve of heart;
Genius, and Wisdom, in the gay social scene,
Fir, and they chastis'd, goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony ye blend;
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man;
O'Donington! attend my rural lays,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' All perfect Hand
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,

At

At first faint gleaming in the dappled east
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered, and tossing thro' distempered dreams?

Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves: when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To lead the wildly-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aſtant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In unintelligent gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy Syſtem rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of wand'ring *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Inform'd of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the great abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfettered mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy restless beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons!* who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time, th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car,
High seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy fingered *Hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed *Dews*,
And softened into joy the surly *Storms*.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance flower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Now to the surface of enlivened earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and lofty woods,
[illegible] in thy force rushin'd:
[illegible] the boweld savern dimly deep,
[illegible] mineral stores confess thy mighty power.
Of these, hence the veiny marble flows;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day, the nobler works of Peace
Hence blest mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact, that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
To thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor [illegible] pleasure dyes the robe of Spring,
When [illegible] gives it to the southern gale,
Than the gay [illegible] flowers. But, all combin'd
Thick thro' [illegible] floating Opal play thy beams;
Or, flying [illegible] on its surface, form

A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the fire varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,
Affumes a mimic life. By thee reviv'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,
Softens as thy returns. The deſert joys
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

HOW ſhall I then attempt to ſing of HIM
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, everflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven
That beam for ever thro' the boundleſs ſky.
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would loſe their powers,
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.

As yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Inchanted, mute. All but the rural reign,
The woodland interest, prostrate to the power,
Lost to the quire of human thanks, remain'd.
The eternal cuckoo, shifting, hoarse and clear,

To me, be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, rapture-wing'd, to trace,
My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Haste in a bluff of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant *Heat*, dispreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Wan

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the pilfering beam? So fade the fair,
Who, fearless of the future, frugal of
But one, the lovely blossom of the day,
Sad when he sees, thrusts up his golden head,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Out-stretch'd, and dozing. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief; and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, wakened by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, tho' simple, to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The winter in their slimy folds, or rising from their tombs,
In brighter life; fly myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Which beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel: or, sailing down the stream
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry bend their flight:
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, ill-chance! from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where gloomily retir'd,

The

The villain spider lives, canning, and fierce.
Mixture abhor'd! amid a maze of fear,
Or careless, in eager watch of prey,
Observing all his waving frame can tell,
Near the dire cell the dreadless weaver creeps,
Feels, as on the ruffian flows his fretful,
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing on the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd; the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And oft the helping hufbimble hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground.
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading even the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the vital Breath, when Parent Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The lingry fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subject human cells,
Where searching sun-beams cannot reach, can find a way,

Swarm

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its waving citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That ance unmov'd bend to the playful breeze,
Or downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
The grosser eye of Man; for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As

As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A crile fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce dries
An inch around, with blind purſuit, might wind,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That this availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From INFINITE PERFECTIONS to the brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder to that POWER,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

THICK in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Even ſo luxurious Men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now

Now swarms the village o'er the joyful mead!
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by the sultry breeze, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, heedless of the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly fleeces. And oft the swain,

[illegible] impatient seizing, hurls them in:
[illegible] not bestraining oats,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Has drunk the cooly, and found his lavish haunt
The [illegible] by the [illegible] stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in graceful dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles sweet-beaming on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous talk goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp the master's cypher ready stand;

O'ers the unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Shears by the wrinkled hurdle's thickening gate
Each sheep, and lays the unwieldy burden bare.
Ev'n the big Ram, that all-defending long
Has stalk'd, now patient, the mild creature lies
Amid the flock, and with its melancholy face
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land; her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er *Gallia*'s humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all

From

From pole to pole is undiffusing flame.
In vain the light, directed to the ground,
Stoops for relief, thence hot recoiling flies
And keen reflected pains. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And shrivell'd lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the Soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the breathing hay, with flowers perfum'd:
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Diffressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem,
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-flowing streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,

Un-

[illegible] toſſed, and ſhifty toſſed in noops
[illegible] of the tyrannous Man,
[illegible] and gore,
[illegible] harmonies,
[illegible] with victorious hand.

Wide ocean, ye that ſend ye bowery thickets forth!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ancient wild, reſounding o'er the ſheep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſhilly ſpring,
Or ſtream full flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves as he ſtoops along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' all the lightened limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffuſed into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compoſe,
A rural confuſion. On the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie, while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and often bending ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,

Which

Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſide
The troubled inſects ſullen with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid the ſolid noon,
Slumbers the monarch of the herd; around
Thrown round his head, on downy mofs and flowers
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, lifening every noiſe, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fallen on the herd;
That ſhirtling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcout the plain,
Thro' all the bright ſeverity of noon:
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect, the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt,
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, ſtems the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the ſhade profound
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:

That, forming high in air a wonderful bow,
[illegible]
And all the radiant living gloom around.

Come, these the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare,
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detected war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or sink majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred rapture, a severe delight,
Creep through my [illegible] frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human [illegible] th' astonished ear
Of fancy strikes: "Rest of all afraid,

To Poor

" Your kindred Mate, thy fellow-creatures, yet
" Rejecting fame, [illegible] Peace seems to fly from
" The [illegible] and [illegible]
" Of [illegible] like these, that [illegible]
" Toil'd, temple-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace commingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
" By noisy folly and discordant vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
" When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
" A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Tho' rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe?
Who seeks thee still, in many [illegible]

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year [illegible].

Seeks

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd, where mixed without rigidity
Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, the whole, sheet, it ruthes broad;
Then, as it parting by degrees, as prone it falls,
And rifted the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft

A hoary

A hoary cliff, and forms a copious shower,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Now [illegible]
Adorn the hollow channel rapid darkens,
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lengthened roar,
It gains a surer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only thro' the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and overhead

By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Sits, busy, diligent, and with its murmur lulls
The listless ear to slumber. Here the sight

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-hush'd in Noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air;
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and †*double seasons* pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the greater rarefaction of the air, on that before it, according to the daily motion of the sun from east to west.

† In places between the tropics, by the sun, as he passes and repasses in that space, twice a year vertical, which produces two harvests.

Whence

Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Perfect the woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immeaſurable maſs.
Here lofty trees to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, *Pomona!* to thy citron-groves:
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me recliu'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the mealy locuſt ſheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the *Indian* fig;
Or thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettos lift their graceful ſhade.

O ſtretch'd amid theſe orchard ſtores of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cooling mellow pear,
And ſtain the ruby grape in floods of ſmoking wine!
While thro' the thirſted tree all the kindly juice
Aſſiſts the ſwelling pear. Nor, on the tender twig,
The bursting, ſhe the full pomegranate, scarl'd,
Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unbaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Amadis, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tuſty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with *Jove!*

FROM theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below interminable meads,
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring: for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

ALONG theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great *Nature* dwells

In

In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall.
Prodigious rivers roll their infant tribes
On whose luxuriant herbage they regale,
Like a full'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plated mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied food, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er *Niger*'s yellow stream,
And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,

* The hippopotamus or river horse.

The pride of kings; or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Wanton'd in the wildneſs of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the hood,
Fair ſtreak'd with bloſſoms flowing from afar,
Flock-swarm the brighter birds, * For Nature's hand,
Thar with a ſportive vanity'has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Thro' the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.

But come, my *Muſe*, the deſert-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
Aw[illegible] ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
S[illegible]o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
The *Nubian* mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous *Abyſſinia* boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

Of

[illegible] social commerce com'd to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury then, blaspheming Heav'n,
With consecrated steel to bless their pow'r,
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely rove
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth in virgin-gold;
And o'er the varied landscape restless rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes

With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
In vain [illegible] nor daring there to dwell.

[illegible] to sing the height of noon,
[illegible] the [illegible] gloom,
[illegible] round,
[illegible] mix'd,
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

These treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
From his two springs, in *Gojam*'s sunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.

There,

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles
That with unfading verdure bloom around
Ambrosial, where the mingling river breeds
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along;
Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of *Africk* lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cor'mandel's* coast, or *Malavar*;
From * *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, COLUMNA, drinks, relieved,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.

* The river that runs through *Siam*, on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *Lucciolæ* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronque*
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native dives
Pleas'd with the fresh'ning roar. Still *Perou* pours
The mighty * *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

* The river of the Amazons.

But

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bleſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres voice of plenty,
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool grot,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad *Potosi*'s mines:
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the sun?
What all that *Afric*'s golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores;
Ill-fated race! and softening arts of Peace,
What'er the humanizing Muſes teach:
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe silent powers
Command the world; the *light* that leads to HEAVEN,
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive ray, the ſeeſt bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deed,

Man

Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the ſympathetic life,
The ſocial feaſt, in the ſable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the breaſt
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while with threatning tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt, appall'd
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licen'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul in deed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye: the tyger darting fierce

Impetuous

Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the wilds;
And, roaming all the eastern side of Mount,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
Of *Mauritania*, or the rugged isles,
That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming, in the farthest verge,

Where

Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-diſcovered, dropping from the clouds.
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
His wiſhful eyes, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs confuſed thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, even here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping *Rome*,
And guilty *Fate*, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds:
Diſdainful of *Campania*'s gentle plains,
And all the green delights *Auſonia* pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.

NOR ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſert! even the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red ether, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
'Till, with the general all-involving ſtorm

Swept

Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount collected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling † Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire † Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy ‡ speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

† *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

‡ Called by the sailors the *Ourage*, being in appearance at first no bigger.

In

In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands,
Art is too ſlow: By rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His bounding veſſel dashes the whitening tide,
Till in the bosom of the black abyſs,
With all her daring crew, the ſtruggling bark
Is ſwallow'd up. So DE GAMA ſteer'd,
Forward and many a dreadful night,
Incroſſing, labouring round the *ſtormy Cape*,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. From thence from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inſpir'd
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horriſic arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crouds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils the unhappy *Guinea* of her ſons,

* VASCO DE GAMA, the firſt who ſailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, to the *Eaſt Indies*.

† DON HENRY, third ſon to *John* the firſt, king of *Portugal*. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

De-

Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy spirits descend, and draw destruction
Tyrants and slaves; when (strait'ning every tie
Cracking at once, behind the parting line
With gore, and pestilence, the vanquish'd world

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy seas,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, calling down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man,
Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;

Keen, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves;
The frequent corse, wash'd on each other fix'd,
In ghastly wonder the sharp shiver fenc'd,
Mute, gaunt, and pale, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends! * From Ethiopia's poisoned woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr MEAD's elegant book on that subject.

Shut

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With ravening words, bespeaks the shuddering guest,
Scowling, the grateful portion from the board,
Unmanly, snatches. The infectious sick,
Yet uninfected, on the cumbrous stage
Fearing to turn, abhorr'd society!
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide-enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
The infurinate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, roar'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that restless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough: return my vagrant Muse;
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
From the rich ſtore of vapours, drawn
Of various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Inflate the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, th' aereal tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In ruefnl gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by Man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.

'Tis liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;

And

And following flowers, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises to the skies. Earth, air,
And seas, through all their realms, the dire effects
Of this full flood exhaustless, wide diffus'd,
The tempest wields; but arms'd in mightier pow'r,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise abounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds,
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls.
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the cattled plain,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods

Sweat at the flash, and from their deep recess,
[illegible] shaking inmates [illegible]
[illegible] rages loud
[illegible] with mighty crash,
[illegible] deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Taurunum* heap'd hideous to the sky,
Thro' the fourteen cliffs; and *Snowdon's* peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought,
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heightened by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,

Still

Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural days, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life, a clear unruffled ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd;
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal *Eden* ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! HE, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus

"To

"To clasp perfection!" From this valley-embrace,
Mysterious flower! that moment, to the ground,
A lifeless corse, will struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he flood,
Thunder-struck with guilt and grief and love,
Speechless, and fix'd on all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale,
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That shook the thunder, and fereues the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,

That

That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

Cheer'd by the ſolitary ſcene, the ſtrength'ning youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe ſtilly depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. There while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes, and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path;
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.

This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer-heats:
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame *Roman* arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Roll'd out the rivulet, lately, young Damon sat;
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the breeze that down the distant rocks
Rush'd murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden-pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant-passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought;
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd;
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:

But

But love forbids. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meaning, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, flipp'd her beauteous limb,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on the lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the linter lawn;
And fair expos'd the flood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn!
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Bathing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,

Fresh

Freſh from *Aurora's* hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus the ſeaſons, now beneath the wave
That all-compaſſes, and now with ſtraying locks,
Of fair half-ſeen'd Love in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such ſoothing draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his rapt'rous thought
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the * ſtatue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingling beauties of exulting *Greece*.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her DAMON's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train

* The Venus of Medici.

Of mixt emotions, hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: [illegible] vein of guile,
The charming blush of [illegible]
And admiration of her lover's [illegible]
By modesty exalted? even a fear
Of felt approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
"Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
"Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for [illegible] who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,

And in pathetic song to hear the wound
The lover's heart receives. Social friends,
Attun'd to every tender tone of soul:
[illegible] of [illegible] your world,
[illegible] the vulgar never had a glimpse,
[illegible] whole minds are richly fraught
With philosophic treasures, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful * *Shene*? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,

* The old name of *Richmond*, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendor*.

Exulting

Exulting ſwift, the huge AUGUSTA ſend,
Now to the *Eaſter-Iſle* that ſhirts her plains,
The lofty *Andes* cut, and now to ſcale
Majeſtic *Atlas*, ſtop his priſtine brow
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view!
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver THAMES's firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray,
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
And ſtooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With HER the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
And poliſh'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs VALE OF THAMES;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In *Twit'nam*'s bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing God †; to royal *Hampton*'s pile,
To *Clermont*'s terraſs'd height, and *Eſher*'s groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent *Mole*,
From courts and ſenates PELHAM finds repoſe.
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of *Achaia* or *Heſperia* ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.

* *Highgate* and *Hampſtead*.
† In his laſt ſickneſs.

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
The villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art:
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His

His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are the generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,
And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's lawful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,

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Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
A DIGBY, who in depth of thought, mistress of the heart,
And bore the name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*, whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye

Shall

Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies, whose temper'd blood
With calmest fortitude, for outraged laws,
Stain'd the fad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, the mouthy fonk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Investigating

Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
The groves of * ACADEME, the friend of Man,
Who fann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His wonder prompt to hail, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the ſtart movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great CREATOR ſought? And why thy LOCKE,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic-ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, hit antient maſter, laughing ſage,

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of *Shafteſbury*.

CHAUCER,

CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius drawn.

MAY my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,

Send

Send forth the saving *Virtues* round the land,
In bright patrol; white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
The tender looking *Charity*, intent
On gentle deeds, and dispensing tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough *Industry*: *Activity* untir'd,
With copious life inform'd and all awake:
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
(So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;

As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank,
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have clear'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoftening, ſober *Evening* takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air:
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care

Of

Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
Their rapid helm; or lifts the liber'al breath
Of patient HEAVEN, invisible, the sail
Swells to the gale, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
Fancy confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unlattered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
In which ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep,
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final end of the works of GOD,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject. A prospect. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer-ſuns
Concocted ſtrong; ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares ſhe knows,
The patriot-virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue, ſhe,
Tho' weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a nobler note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN

When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;
From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent, gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain:
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human-kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted,

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' uncultur'd breast
Slept the lethargic powers; creative mind,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in clouds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to mix
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing edge of fire,

On

On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the ill-ancient foreſt to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the ſtruſh'd fabric roſe;
Then ſtrong his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in glaſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtopp'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers, combin'd,
And form'd a *Public*; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *Whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force *Oppreſſion* chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable: nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,

And

And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves, alone themſelves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower encircling head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; chok'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O THAMES,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty bulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.

THEN

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glitt'ring stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination fir'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,

And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing round on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, here, there, and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the *God* of *Harvest* is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and *Heaven*,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe;
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning-roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſullied, and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain-ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the bloomy flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promiſ'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So ſimply bloſſoming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet LAVINIA; till, at length compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean PALEMON'S fields. The pride of ſwains
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy

And

And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
Transports from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not fix'd Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
"By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
"And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
"Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
"And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
"'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

" Far from these scenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
" Gracious Heaven! would this the daughter were!"

While, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
O bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
The mingled passions that surprin'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus PALEMON, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" AND art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
" So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
" The softened image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
" That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where
" In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted *Heaven!*
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

" Beat

" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer soil,
" Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
" And of my garden be my pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh! ill it befits
" Amasia's daughter, his whose open force,
" Tho' vast, were little to his ample heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
" The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of lasting life shone on her evening hours!
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who fearless long in tender bliss, and rear'd
Numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Now all is still: of the laborious year,
Big with the rich result, the noble sheaf,
Alone the forest rustles to the wind.
Mute is the wood-man's axe; the sounding wain
Rests on the harden'd floor; and, in the field,
Shook from the rifled branch, the nut and fruit
Lie thick among the leaves. Sad sight to him
Who sighs for company! Naught save the wind
Is heard to breathe a solitary sound!
The robin only, and the titmouse, try
Their little throats to chant a cheerful song.

Now, all day long, the gathering vapour sails
Along the sky in trains, with deeper scowl
Lowering on heaven, and frequent o'er the face
Of the brown earth, impatient of the storm,
Whole sheets of rain descend. The labourer home
Retires, and wistful thinks of clearing skies.
Thus autumn sinks apace into the year.

Even what remains of day, with what the moon
Can borrow from the sun, enlightens scarce
The face of nature, in a manner strange,
Discolour'd and deceitful. Foul and dun
The vapour rises, blots the purer sky,
And shuts the blue serene. Assembling deep,
The cloud condenses; while the lengthening wind
Howls through the void of air, and piles the clouds
In various-shaped heaps, on heaps confus'd,
With alternating domes, and towers, and fanes,
In endless succession. Beneath the show
Inverted, lo! another heaven, another earth,
And long expanse of waters, where the clouds
Descending rest, and blend. A midway space
Betwixt, betwixt the upper and the lower,
Betwixt the earth and skies, like fairy land,
Light, fleeting, turning, vanishing, between
From cloud to cloud, the vivid lightnings play.

Lie

Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its bounds
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottage, and ſwains
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſweep'd away.

Hark! the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun ſaſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural Game*:
How, in his mid career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,

Stiff,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, deſcend
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
Mean while the ſun, the circling covey lulls
With varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the nutſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' born triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not ſubjects for the peaceful muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-chearful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhunn'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath

Of

Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle day,
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
While hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick intangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; tho' ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with ſolded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcattered ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn

Reſounded

Resounded from the hills; the neighing herd,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er all the weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Abroad in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight:
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day:
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more,

Inspire

Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair flowing cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.

Or this enough. But if the ſilvan youth,
Whoſe ſervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his thaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart.
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE *Britain* knows not; give, ye *Britons*, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood

Bear

Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt;
Deep ſmite the mountains to their woody tops;
Earth down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the dawn,
Inſtancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſcloſe'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With fates *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.

But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide: in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd

While

While hence they borrow vigour or amain
Into the pithy plough'd, or fattening vale,
If haunch-deep cattle in the reedy shore,
Relaxing all the genius of the stream,
Where sated *Hunger* has *Indulgence* left,
Prolific on the watery bed; the fowl,
Rous'd high with many hostile screams, wheel round
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath
Of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft the hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the known October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyards best produce to vie
To cheat the thirsty moments, whilst a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these pains, these idleness laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober shift, in the plain wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,

And pavement, faithleſs to the ſmiddled foot,
Diſſolve as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Confuſion of once learn twenty-tongues,
Is heard far from them: to theme from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd,
Meanders, with ſudden interruption, loud,
The impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart:
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul,
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then, ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table even itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
The *Jubber Power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſleeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink

Out-lives

Out-lives them all: and from his bury'd flock
Bearing, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of their latter times.

But if the tougher sex by this rough sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
Ever stain the bosom of the fair.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,

Diffolving fadion in the every charm,
Or with the tender touch of humble dress
Know to conceal the too conſpicuous fair,
From the falſe glance of forward wiſhing men;
Nor validly affect to thrid the maze
Of fortune, or to join the ſtrife of pow'r,
Whence rancour iſſues, and the mortal feud.
Let others aim at heav'n: with ſteady aim
Be theirs to build, to cultivate, and bleſs
The mild retreats of undiſtinguiſh'd life.
There, in the fond delights of mutual love,
Cheap in exchange for all the ſtorm of ſtate,
Be theirs to meet the tenderneſs of men.
Thus, in the ſocial ſphere, with every art
To deck, to grace, to beautify, and pleaſe,
Be woman formed; and thus her graceful hand
Diſpenſe around the pure delights of life,
In ſcenes compoſed by harmony and love.

Ye ſwains now haſten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Ye ſtraggling thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
And, while they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A glitt'ring ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of *Melinda*'s hair:
Melinda! formed with every grace complete,

Yet

Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe;

Hence from the buſy, buſy-reſounding town,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, inſpir'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beaming ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
Inceſſant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a ſoft profuſion, ſcattered round.
A various ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd:
Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy native theme, and boon inſpirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly dar'ſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With *Britiſh* freedom ſing the *Britiſh* ſong:
How, from Silurian vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome mixing, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer hours.

[illegible] sweetest beams
[illegible] o'er the mellowed day;
[illegible] walks
[illegible] and plant,
[illegible] and every view,
[illegible] dawns,
[illegible] with wood,
[illegible] and there white with flocks!
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous *Young* and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open: aiming thence,
With from the heart to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing Theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous toils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the rale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the cliffy rocks,
From cliff to cliff successful, the long-rolled blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent: while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,

Who

Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſight
Sinks dark and deep. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusky, general, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the *Hebrew Bard*)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty ruins, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;

Whence

Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And thence uniting wash the rivers brawl.
Along the lea, where, scarce the murmurous wave
For ever lashes the refounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the finely granulated mass,
The waters with the lightly-tinctured rill
Of pal whose angle is finely drawn'd,
They joyful leave their shaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweet, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they suddenly stop
Among the broken mountain's ruthy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive fund that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,

Had

Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought *Oceanus*'s watry ſtores again.

Say *Muſe*, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, the *Parent Nature*, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O thou perveſting *Genius*, given to Man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From *Aſian Taurus*, from *Immus* ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s ſullen bounds!
Give opening *Hemus* to my ſearching eye,
And high *Olympus* pouring many a ſtream!
O from the ſounding ſummits of the north,
The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
The farthеſt *Lapland* and the frozen main;
From lofty *Caucaſus*, far ſeen by thoſe
Who in the *Caſpian* and black *Euxine* toil;
From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Ruſs*
Believes the * *ſtony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in ſtorm.
Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,

* The *Muſcovites* call the *Riphean* Mountains *Weliki Camenypoys*, that is, the great *ſtony Girdle*; becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.

That

That ever works beneath his founding baſe,
Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of *Abyſſinia*'s cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon!*
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,
Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe.
I ſee the rivers in their infant-beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running cleſts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or ſtiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,

* A range of Mountains in *Africa*, that ſurround almoſt all *Monomotapa*.

Thro'

Thro' the flint fands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the oozy deep,
Or from the bottom of the boſom'd hill,
In pure effusion flow. United, they,
Thro' the low valley, the capacious urn
Of some capacious lake, that to the main
Pours its perpetual current down,
And feeds them, o'er the fair divided earth,
In humid veins to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The ſwallow people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters clung beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats.
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal mouths
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Ithine* loſes his majeſtic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,

The

The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the trackleſs ſky.
And now their route deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their ſtrong wings,
And many a circle, many a mazy wheel,
Wheel'd round and round, the congregation full
The figured flight aſcends; and, riſing high,
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt *Thule*, and the *Atlantic* ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
Sees *Caledonia*, in romantic view:

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the cool acute; her forests huge,
Dark, brown, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *parent-stream*,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,
With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er *Orca*'s or *Betubium*'s highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy *Wallace* can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Ou

Or is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer Industrious Indolence to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the fleecy lawn; with vent'rous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosp'rous sail, from every growing port,
Unmjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe:
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid *Britain* reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.

Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow;
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mild in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Peraes, too, whom every worth attends,
And truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

Mean-time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;

To

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walk.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse,
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;

Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The lovely wonder of a world expires.
Sad Winter welcomes, and with forceful blast
Fells the stript forest, and extends his frost
O'er all the bleak domain; on which appears,
Dark, thro' the hoary mist, the shadowy race
Of beasts, that underneath the formy heap
Deep hide, and wait the transient gleam of day.
But chief the fowl, the tenant of the sky,
Tempt the quick gun. Immediate, where they pair,
The astonish'd partner falls; from wing to wing
Mute horror flies across the forest brown,
In wild amazement; nor the rocking storm
Drives half so thick athwart the dismal gloom.
At night, conducted by the unerring sire,
Their close battalions in the wonted line
Wheel thro' the sky. Order'd by him they mark
Each change of weather on the wing, and know
Where to find out their food, when the fresh powers
Of dawning life awake the tepid day.
Nor to the hollow beech-tree do they fly,
Nor to the shelter of the mountain-oak,
When wide the tempest raves; but, wisely taught,
Dive deep into the wood, or down the vale,
Or seek the rushy fen, or rest their wings
Where creeping waters ooze. The cattle then
Disconsolate forget to graze, and, stung
Even to the heart's core with the spleenful north,
Run to the breathing herd; conglobate mass!
Whose inward parts the warmth intestine fills,
And their wide nostrils reeking clouds perpetual.
Implacable, his fated time expir'd,
The blast resistless drives the full-form'd hail,
And rapid fleets of congregated cloud,
Hiding the face of day with double night.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow keen, and fiercely shut
Prone from the pillar'd crag the snow resounding,
Lies a white heap, unfathomably deep;
Within doors, round a wide and social fire,
Well fenc'd and shelter'd from the storm, we draw
The sweet domestic hours. Then in his throne
Of elbow-chair, high-rais'd and wide, the Sire
Thron'd o'er the heaven-taught youth, who mingle here
Their gayer stores of literature and wit
Heard or conceived; while, by his harmless fires
And philosophic mirth inspir'd, the Dame
Recounts her rural maxims, sage and quaint,
Thro' a long tract of prosperous days; herself
Delightful still, and fair with all her train
Of listening children round. Thus, as the year
Runs its dull circle, recommences quick
The social pleasures of the warm poor man.
He, when the work of Providence proceeds
In its own genial course, when morning calls
To the glad task of day, when night returns
For rest, and food, and sleep, untroubled, sees
Th' approaching circle of the seasons clear
And knows no joy nor sorrow but his own.
Not so the shepherd-swain, who all the day
Tends his white flock, and at the footed hour
Of sultry noon, when shadows fly not far,
Sits by the fountain, or the reedy lake,
Or where the woodbine shades the garden-plot,
And from his myrtle bower his mistress sings
Her evening song, beyond the trembling brook.
Him, nor the morning gay, nor soft repast,
Nor summer sweets delight, nor winter's balm.
Tho' all the grateful passions of the heart
Flow at their kindly source, tho' love inspires
Mild meaning, and the tongue of eloquence
Pours amply forth the wisdom of the breast,
And all the modest worth of honest fame
Beneath the cloud of dire misfortune lies
Quite smother'd up and lost. Sometimes indeed
A glimpse of fortune's day-light shoots across
The cheerless gloom; but soon big clouds return,
And leave the sufferer in his former state,
Of unregarded want and misery.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They little think how many, down the steep
Of wild misfortune, fall; and unemployed,
In the bright noon of life, offenceless sink
To the deep shades of death; how many there,
Who in the vale of poverty and shade
Long droop, unpitied and unknown! They know
But by the bounteous largess and the alms
Which human pride scatters (the grace of Heaven
Forbidding interest quite) how many lie
Unbless'd, and strangers to the common sun;
How many feel this very moment death
And all his horrors, while the unfeeling feast
Sits joyous round the table, quite regardless
What guests, besides the welcome ones, surround
Their costly load of unenjoying plenty.
Nor need I to the dwellings of the great
Transport the muse, to make her sad complaint.
Full often from the humble roof of thatch,
Where the inclement season, and the want
Of homely fare, assail, the sickness springs;
While the warm cottage, and the fire of straw,
Give to the shivering limbs the kindly heat
Of life, and to the taught digestion all
The kitchen's stores prepare. Then, weak and wan,
Unpitied and unheeded, fainting out
Their little lamp of life, the helpless poor
Die, unassisted by the smallest aid
Which art affords in pity. Should the Muse
Turn to the mansions of the rich, she there
Would tell of nameless pangs, and deadly woes;
Would bid the parent-bosom learn to melt
With all the social passions, and to weep
Tears of delight, for fortune smiling deep
In the abyss of wretchedness below.
Would bid the fortunate to pour around
Their bounty, widely flowing as the Nile,
Or Ganges, rushing o'er the swelling lands,
When, from the affrighted banks, the inundation
Spreads out its watery world. Nor should the Muse
Address the selfish, the corrupted heart,
Insensible of pity, dead to love,
And quite shut up against the moving woe,
Which asks its kind assistance. Such a heart
Were hopeless, lost, and impotent of all
That could the life of man, or God approve.
Here would she stop, and here let down the veil
O'er such a scene of sad distress and woe.
Hence thro' the appointed circle of the year
Would she the course of Providence display;
How the great Sire, with his directing hand,
Turns round the various seasons, as the need
Requires this life or that; how he exalts
The destined plant, and calls the juices forth;
How dress'd in all the pride of leaves and flowers
It stands, how pour the rains, how shines the sun,
And how the perfect fruit depends at last
Alone on Heaven; how, equally dispos'd
Of rain and sunshine, autumn full matures
The swelling grape; how marks the various day
With various bounty; how each month takes charge
Of some new fruit, or flower, or potherb, or grain,
Till the rough winter period shuts the scene.
Here would she sing the falling of the leaf,
And the first snow descending on the mead;
Here would she sing the tempest of the year,
The wind high-warring, and the heaven involved
In gloom, and rushing from the mingled clouds
The deluge forth, or the big hail, or loud
Tempestuous rain, or the immense effect
Of thunder, following the fierce flash, that scares
The conscious culprit in his secret cell.
Here would she sing the gradual growth of frost,
Till the pure wave, by freezing winds compell'd,
Thro' all its genial currents, and the oil
That fed the beauteous blaze of vegetation,
Refuses to be fluid; till the grass,
The shrubs, the trees, and every herb and flower
Shrink up their tender life. Here would she sing
The desolation of the spacious year,
Thro' all its various months, in all its change
Of quick vicissitude, and strong extreme.
Here would she sing the glad return of spring,
The welcome increase of the growing day,
The sun exalting in the eastern sky
His radiant head, and flinging round him far
His influence, mild and sweet, and warm and gay,
Till the glad circle of the year be full.
Then would she sing the tender leaf, the bud,
The flower, the stem, the root, the juicy life
Which mounts, and shoots, and opens, and expands
In all the various family of plants;
Then would she sing the stronger life of trees,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and fields,
Of gardens, and of orchards, and the charms
Of universal nature, teeming round
In all the pride of beauty, health, and joy.
But who can hope to sing as he deserves
The King of Glory? Who can hope to raise
The human voice to numbers equal to
The word of God? Who can attempt to reach
With mortal song the seraphim that wake
To sounds celestial thy eternal ear?
Enough for me, if not to those I sing
Permitted to attain, enough for me
If I but lift my heart to Thee, and seek
Thy presence, Parent-God! and inly hear
Thy voice divine, amid the nobler choir
Of angels and of seers. But chief thy grace
Beam on my hallow'd song, and fill my breast
With thy diffusive goodness, while I sing
Of Universal Love! Hail, Father hail!
Thou Source of Being! Providence and Life!
And Light and Bliss! on me thy vital beam
Shine full; and thro' my swelling heart, my strung
And tuneful nerves, my lifted soul, be all
Thy Godhead known, and all thy glory felt!

Of

Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *facial Offspring of the heart*.

O bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which, shining thro' the chearful land
In countless numbers, blest Britannia sees;
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe*!
Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia*'s shore
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
By genius strid, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early [illegible]
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slope
Or in that† *Temple*, where, in future times,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount *Cobham*.
† The Temple of Virtue in *Stowe-Gardens*.

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy copy'd flowers, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wilds of fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy standard take refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,

The

The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;

Oft

Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots; enfweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Retiring, sink, as quickly redescend,
And rise, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether courting in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent: and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
The unalterable hour: even Nature's self
Is doom'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know

The

The cauſes, and materials, yet unlik'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Stunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gathered trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulf:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife,
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And, trembling, on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

All seeyhere robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow? and, in just return,

Afford

Afford them ſhelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome inviting day.
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, or out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd,
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue ſulphureous flame.

HENCE, every barſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brufhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth

By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, gay, in native beauty rich,
Plies the quick-circling hours, and adds her eye
To every approving ſmile with double force.
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſlimes out; and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.

O! knew he but his happineſs, of Man
The happieſt he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or wakes the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;

A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a soul that knows not fear
To disappoint futurity, and fall
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far-distant from their native soil,

Urg'd on by want or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let *this* through cities work his savager way,
By legal outrage and established guile,
The fruits of *that* to weary compass draw;
Let *this* engross the lengthened way of life
With all the *vile* mechanic arts of gain,
Or sell the drug that kills the *sickly* hour.
Let *these* profane the sacred work of law,
And *those* the holy care of public weal,
Or join the positive assembly, hired
For venal votes. Let *some* soothe the ear
Of listening Power with perilous honey'd words,
Or deal the sounding virtues of the stage
Full out to full assembled theatres,
Or sweep the dusty fields of honour, fired
By the mere work of fancy, to the shock
Of combating nations, for the bauble fame.
Let *others* join the demon of the night,
And, plunging deep in shades, suborn assault
And murder for hire, or join the common cry
Of trade, to cheat for gain. Let *these* retire
To the rank vale, where putrefaction breeds
The dismal fever, and with sickly hand
Filch the departing spirit. Let *those* fly
To the rough seas, and prove the shipwreck'd storm,
Or, crowded, pant in the contagious hold.
Let *others* brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let *some* infect the winds; and some explore
What poisons lurk in subterranean drugs,
Commission'd by the impatient rich, to shade
Their bloated cheek, and purge the full disease.
Let *these* dive deep in mines for pallid ore;
And *those* blow up the rock with thundering sky.
Let *some* with lonely axe the forest fell,
Or, for the glowing forge, dig the black mine,
Or, for the sharpening wheel, grind the hard flint.
Let *these* by sudden floods and falls of stone
Be crushed, and *those* be pierced by arrowy showers,
Or smit with sudden blindness in the depth.
Let *others* drive the trade of mighty war,
Or tempt the stern sea-fight, or, cast in chains,
Close to the galling oar for life be tied.
Let *these* with mad ambition rule the throng
To tread the weary circle round and round,
Or, guide the helm amid the boiling surge
Of human passions. Let *those* proclaim the will
Of Heaven, and pour the burning truth of God
On erring heads. Let *these* with patient eye
Trace Nature's inmost windings, and her laws
Explore, and bring her forth to human use.
Let *those* apply the steady power of mind
To truth and good, for virtue is the same
In every sphere. Let *others* waste the life
In trivial offices, or sleep away
In deep inglorious sloth the drowsy hours.
Let *some* affect the splendid paths of fame,
Or shine in courts, and in the golden chain
Be fettered proud. Let *these* delighted raise
The blooming pile, and *those* with nice design
Provide the lively entertaining feast.
Let *some* to quaint device their skill confine,
Or scour the country round in quest of game.
Let *these* arise with all the orient powers
Of light and sound, and *those* protract the night
In riot and mad revel, deaf and blind
To all the charms of harmony and sense.
Let *some* in arms oppress the state, and *some*
Defend it, or with ruthless sway confound
Its rights, and *some* pervert the laws to sell
Their country. Let *these* infect the heart
With the pestilential love of power, and *those*
With that of pleasure. Let *some* all their hours
Improve, and *some* neglect, lull'd into sleep
By the soft influence of indulgent ease.
Let *these* paint beauty, and *those* love her form,
Or dress her charms in language like her own.
Let *these* provide the palate for delight,
And *those* with artful hand mix the delight
Of cordials, and bring home the coy receipt.
Let *some* explore the vegetable world,
Or rouse the world of waters, or prepare
The shining harvest of the glittering main.
Let *these* in depth of broken country pierce
The woodland game, and *those* the feathered tribes
Betray with faithless snare, or bring to fall
From the clear sky. Let *some* with patient line
Sit watchful o'er the stream, and *some* entice
The roving nations of the sky to land
Amid the deadly snare. Let *these* in arts
Polite engage, and *those* to letters owe
Their noble rest, and *some* their patron's fame
Proclaim, and *some* in fields of public life
Purchase renown, and *some* perplex the bar.
Let *these* in lofty numbers sing the fall
Of states, and *those* the secret springs reveal
By which the mighty engine moves. Let *some*
Describe the operations of the heart,
Its passions and its workings, and pursue
The various forms of man, marking the mien
Of every clime. Let *some* in useful toil
Their days employ, and *some* in dreams of joy
Consume the present moment. Let *these*
Provide the lonely couch, and *those* the bed
Of sickness deck, and watch the weary hours.
Let *some* to numbers tune the flowing verse,
And *some* in subtler cares for others' weal
Explore the secret foe, and *some* apply
The recipe to heal the wounded frame.
Let *these* delight to raise the swelling note,
And *those* the solemn dirge. Let *some* to death
Devote their days, and *some* to deeds of fame
Unconscious rush, and *some* to blooming love
Resign their hearts, and *some* contract the band
Of marriage, and supply the world with men.
Let *these* in gaudy colours paint the face
Of beauty, and *those* shade the fair design
With folds of drapery. Let *some* to gain
Turn all their powers, and *some* to nobler aims
Direct their thoughts, and *some* alone to God
Look up, and with the blameless heart adore.
Thus, in a various but consenting train,
Day after day, and year succeeding year,
Spring the generations of the busy world.
What tho' the sad and solemn Muse bewail
The gloomy prospect of a life disjoined
From Nature and from Nature's common good
By penury of heart, and want of mind,
Which the inclement season bids abound;
Tho' in the worst assume the sullen port
Of discontent, and grudge the hard-earned gain
To the spread table and the smiling day;
Tho' the bright sun-shine of the general mirth
Provoke their envy, and the serpent pass
Into their bosom, and the cruel worm
Of conscious meanness gnaw the coward breast;
Tho' some perverse, beyond the vulgar scope
Of base desire, blast the fair blooming prize
Of honest fame, and barb the shaft of wit
With venom dipped in gall, and inly pine
At merit not their own; tho' others join
The gloomy band of superstitious fools,
Who look on Nature with a jaundiced eye,
And, blind to all the charms of heavenly truth,
Put out the eye of reason; through the maze
Of nature fondly bent to trace a God;
And measuring all his ways by their own rule,
Deform the simple face of Providence
With supercilious gloom; tho' others feign
Creation universal from the power
Of self-existent matter, and lead on
A lawless band of disputants, who join
Their industry to spread the thick-set shade
Of error round the throne of Light; tho' some
Apply their pride to combat every form
Of excellence, and blend in one mean mass
Of dull indifference all the sacred forms
Of life and manners; tho' the fruitful year
Reproach their barrenness, and every power
Of heaven and earth, and man and beast, exert
Their influence to urge the tardy will;
Tho' disappointment on the sordid soul
Perpetual harass, and the sharp remorse
Of folly vex the conscious breast; tho' woe
And anguish haunt the wicked; tho' the grave
Astonish with the sudden call, and hell
Disclose her secrets to the dreadful view;
Yet shall the Muse, high-hovering o'er the scene
Of mortal things, with undiminished wing
Proclaim the bounteous Cause of all the good
That swells the glorious theme of human life.
Nor shall the Muse, alone to these confined,
Disdain to stoop to the low haunts of men,
To the rude wintry scene, where Nature sad
And sordid seems to lour away the year.
Oft in the pensive evening mood I love
To wander through the fields, and meet the waste
Of Autumn, desolate and gray, and sit
Upon the tottering fence's mouldering top,
Where, thro' the rude inclosure, swells the gourd,
Or the pale apple trembles to the blast.
Then, in the sweet entrancement of the soul,
Let Fancy roam at will, and, wandering wild
Thro' the dim regions of futurity,
Bring home the intelligence of good to man,
Of future bliss to the benighted sons
Of death and sorrow. Hence, ye profane,
Who blot the book of Nature, and deface
The image of the Cause who gave you life,
And would, if power were yours, crush Him to nought
Who formed you for his glory, and your own.
Hence, ye blind leaders of the purblind world,
Who, with your maxims of insidious lore,
Debase the native dignity of man,
To dust and folly. Hence, ye painful fools,
Who, with the turbid dictates of your art,
Would make the pure and tender system feel
Your deadly power, and quench the noble flame
That lights the eye of Reason to the source
Whence it derived its being, that burns bright
For God and Nature and the generous deed.
Hence, all ye cruel and corrupt of heart,
Who clothe with shame the unshamed form of Vice,
Who bring the leering impudence of mien,
The obdurate hardened brow, the repartee
Lewd and obscene, the shape that poisons vice,
To taint the unwary breast, and spread around
The rank infection of your souls. Depart,
Ye wretched, full of all evil spirits, held
In chains of fate, to your own purposes
Unconscious or unwilling, hence, and leave
Unto the Muse her proper scene, the pure
And good, the seats of innocence and truth.
Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt,
How gladly would I wander o'er the waste
Of varied life, in all the changing scenes
That shift from sun to sun, from field to field,
From month to month, and year to year, with those
Who, undebauched and uncorrupted still,
Enjoy their Creator in his works, and live
The honest offspring of the honest earth!
No falsehood then, no envy, no remorse
Infect the soul, no wishes vain, no cares
Beyond the moment's need, but full and pure
The rural feast of joy. Thus all day long
The rosy village youth, clad in the grace
Of innocence and beauty, strain the course
Round the delightful hill, in rival bands
Of active vigour, while the country rings
And echoes to the gay contentious noise.
Thus, in the dance of circling graces join'd,
The kindling power of Autumn's dancing eye
Leads on the glowing maids, and every heart
Beats to the lively impulse. Thus the day
Declining, to the sylvan scene repair
The rustic throng, and, mingling in the shade
Of the dark grove, or by the tumbling stream,
Or where the green declivity extends,
Begin the merry round. Age too, and Youth,
Partake the happy hour. Thus, hand in hand,
Thro' the soft maze of dance the rural pair
Are lost amid the wood, and by the maid
Her honest heart is won, while stealing round
The sportive circle marks with heedful eye
Its destined victim, nor perceives herself
Caught in the snare. Thus, in the secret shade
Of evening, while the world around is hushed,
Or to the river's murmur, or the wind
That rustles in the trees, the happy pair
Confess their love, and think no other ear
Hears what they speak, while, pressing hand in hand,
Their eyes declare what either bosom feels,
And heart to heart returns the tender sigh.
Thus, in the festive intercourse of kind
Endearing arts and mutual wishes, pass
The joyous days of unambitious life,
Till, full matured, the languid powers require
The kindly call to slumber, then the couch
Awaits their willing limbs, where, calm and soft
As the inhabitants, the image sleep
Of innocence and love, the passions all
Hushed into peace, they lie, till the new day
Rise to renew their pleasures and their toils.
Oft, rising from the western wave, the Moon
Beholds them wandering in the paths of light,
Oft sees them, by her lucid lamp, surprised
Returning from the well-worn task, to meet
The fond caresses of their children dear,
Who, round the porch, with little arms outspread,
Hang on the coming father, and with heart
Big swelling, and with earnest eye, look up
To mark what he will say. Unenvied roof,
Where never Want nor Luxury come,
Where Virtue dwells, and all the Graces dwell!
Image of Eden, where the human form
Is still erect, and in its mien displays
Nought but what's graceful, while the unclothed limb
Knows not to hide its unshamed symmetry!
Ah! how unlike the cities, where the human
Is sunk in the mechanic, where the man
Is made the tool of man, and every power
Of mind and body bent to serve the need
Of Luxury, pale Want, and dire Disease,
Where Honour, Justice, Truth, and Love are lost
In Interest, Business, Hurry, Noise, and Strife!
Ah! how unlike the man who walks with Nature,
Whose every thought is pure as the pure stream
That murmurs by him, whose kind heart expands
With every annual blessing, who beholds
The fair variety of flowers, and feels
A mild concern lest they should suffer harm,
Who plucks the destined fruit, and only eats
What Plenty offers to his bounteous hand!
Unlike the tyrant, who his thousands dooms
To misery, who, doomed himself to care,
Tastes not the sweets of Nature, who, condemned
To guilt, sees not the charms of innocence,
Who lives not the life of Reason, but the life
Of blind Ambition, Folly, and Unrest,
Who never sees the generous look of love,
The modest eye, the taper form, the bloom
Of young Desire, purity and truth,
Who never hears the mellow-breathing horn
Sound through the hills at dawn, or the full cry
Of hounds, or the exulting hunter's shout,
That tells the game is roused, who never knows
The home-felt joy that waits the faithful swain,
When, all his toils repaid, amid his bliss
He meditates the harvest of his fields,
Sees the bright sickle glitter in the sun,
And hears the reaper's song, who never shares
The evening walk with her who shares his heart,
Who never tastes the happiness that springs
From innocence and love! Ye generous youth,
Who, nurtured in the tender lap of Ease,
Have never learned to love the rural life,
Who never knew the native charms that spread
Around the cottage, and the swain who toils
Behind the slow-paced ox, who never trod
The morning mead, who never plucked the fruit
Of the deep-loaded tree, who never marked
The heaven-directed spire, who never saw
The village-church among the solemn trees
Of ancient growth, the decent burial place,
The healthful labourer resting from his toil,
The new-made beauty carrying the pail,
The herd, the flock, the sheep-bell tinkling far
Thro' the still air, the watch-dog's bark, the team
Crossing the field, the scythe, the whistle shrill
Of early birds, the chirping grasshopper,
The hum of bees, the trickling of the dew,
The gentle murmur of the building rill,
The woodman's stroke, the echo, and the caw
Of rooks returning to the customed grove
At even, who never knew the sweet repose
That waits the tired at night, who never saw
The cheerful smile that welcomes the return
Of home-bound labour, who never felt the charm
Of happy children sporting round the door,
Who never knew the blessedness of life!
Ye generous youth, who know not these, who know
Not Nature in her simple ways, who look
Upon the country as a joyless waste,
Where solitude and gloom and darkness dwell,
Who think the city's crowd, the lamp-lit court,
The rout, the theatre, the midnight scene,
Where Wealth and Folly meet to waste the hours,
Where Night and Day are blended in the glare
Of false existence, who think these alone
Can please the polished taste, can please the mind
Of Reason, and the gentle heart of Love,

And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
Or *Hæmus* cool, reads what the Muſe, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what he dictates writes; and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep-muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong,
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,

Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never know; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself with Man!

O NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light may blind way: the mineral *strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
And let me never never stray from THEE!

WINTER.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of WILMINGTON. *Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: A man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the* Alps *and* Apennines. *A winter-evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the* polar Circle. *A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.*

WINTER.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*, be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till' thro' the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,

Roll'd

Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar:
To ſwell her note with all the rushing winds;
To mix her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As in her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy lofting ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor are thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearleſs empire of the ſky
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
And hence *Aquarius* ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the ſartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd: while vital heat,

Light,

Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad *Genius* of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan
Reſounding long in liſtening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive thro' the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love

To

To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And ruſh, with mooning lowe, their wonted ſtall,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſehold feathery people crowd,
The crowing cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the Seaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!

That

That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay
Where your aerial magazines reſerv'd,
To fill the mouth of diſtant winter, when
From all the dreadful weſtern quarter blown,
Beneath its horrid influence, lies the year,
And hideous Darkneſs reigns around the globe.
Shut in your caves, the ſtorms in ſilence wait,
Or only whiſper thro' the ſolemn woods
Their demon, and the diſmal ſhades of night.
Sometimes a ſhivering ſqually ſweeps the ſky,
Then pours the ſtormy tempeſt forth entire.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
The mingled waters roar. Of all the ſtreams
That high amid the hilly country riſe,
Or ſwell the ſtately river's ſlumbering ſtream.
The lofty mountains, and the ſhores reſound.
Far ſeen the heaving billows whiten round.
Even ſafe the ſhepherd ſtarts, and hears amaz'd
The wintry deluge pour along the plain.
Wide o'er the fields, a melancholy waſte
Of dreary waters, wanders many a rood;
Sunk in the flood, the meadow's graſſy bed.
Now from the paliid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders. Rain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to flaſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe, emit a ſhivered ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the weather'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broadened noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Even at the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretel the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assembled in his tower, the waiting owl
Then spreads his wings, and mounts into the air
Wheels round the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from the stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chamber of the deep.

The

The wintry *Baltic* thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some hoarse rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Hugh uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.

All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Forth-flight, fire, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowlege, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The

This keener tempests rise; and fowling low
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And picks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' tender of heart, and hard beset
By dogs, and men, and more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes

Of

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain—
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame—How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man—
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs—How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty—How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,

Unbounded

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence headlong ruin hurried thousands more,
Even in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress—how many stand
Around the death bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of those, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;

* The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Divert robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure marked him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the track
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*,
And wavy *Appennine*, and *Pyrenees*,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And pouring o'er the country, bear along,

Keen

Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought,
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
There bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without

The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore,
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſheltered, ſolitary ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beamling tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe of the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at the inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt SOCRATES,
Who firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death;
Great moral teacher! *Wiſeſt of mankind!*
SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, the unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling GREECE, and human-kind.
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,

As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
The firm * *savior* to GREECE, who pref'd by deeds
The hardeſt lot on which the *arbor* toughs.
Then AGESILAUS ſtood his honeſt hour,
Shuddha of blood to whom the diſtreſſing *gods*
Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Juſt*;
In pure integrity the *Roman* rever'd;
Who, even his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame,
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appeare
CIMON ſweet ſoul'd; whoſe genius riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of *Perſian* pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining GREECE,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Penſive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boaſt,
TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *Brother*, while the *Tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the ‡ THEBAN PAIR,
Whoſe virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom *Athenian* honour ſunk,
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
PHOCION the *Good*; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,

* LEONIDAS. † THEMISTOCLES.
‡ PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow;
Not friendſhip fonder was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *laſt* of old LYCURGUS' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
Whose *patient* Sparta fell to ſervile avarice ſunk,
The two *Achaian* heroes cloſe the train.
ARATUS, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of ſondly lingering liberty in GREECE;
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd—
Her *better Founder*, firſt, the light of ROME,
NUMA, who ſoften'd her repacious ſons—
SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt Republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe—
The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad—
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes—
FABRICIUS, ſcorner of all conquering gold;

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

And

And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough—
Thy * WILLIAM, VICTIM, CARTHAGE, bursting loose
From all that pleading nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
And vigorous zeal, and honour's fire unmatch'd—
Serrano, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who fear'd the face of fpotleſs glory fair,
And warm in youth, to the *Poetic ſhade*
With *Friendſhip* and *Philoſophy* retir'd—
TULLY, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* fate of ruſhing ROME—
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*—
And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the *Roman ſteel* againſt thy *Friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis *Phœbus'* ſelf, or elſe the *Mantuan Swain!*
Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſioned heart, and charm'd

* REGULUS.

Tranſported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE;
Nor theſe who, tuneful, wak'd the enchanting LYRE.

[illegible] of your kind inſpiring dictate!
Still with thee my nights, by you reſtor'd,
And mould my fearing ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Muſe, thou lonely power! the door be thine:
Oft on the hallowed hour that ſhou intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will POPE deſcend;
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart:
For tho' not ſweeter his own HOMER ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.

Where art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wort thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon!
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy ſervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the hand
Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm

Of

Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with soften'd virtue, [illegible]
Ah! only spar'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that this is vain?

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter gloom, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
Which tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM'S finest hand, and issuing all
In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray

Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
For wayward fortune, to repress
[illegible] of the blinding fool;
Or [illegible] superior to ambition, [illegible]
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or, search'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
Calls laughter forth deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean-time the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;

The

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose gardless, or pretending sleep:
The hoop, the flap, the hautboy, fluck to nature,
Of native mirth, the resplendent dance,
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steels o'er the cheek; or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

Some-

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the mind, in generous * Britain known.

O thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with *British scorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Even in the judgement of presumptuous *France*,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,

* A character in the Careless Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

When

When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, croud
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then deal thy force, more amiably ſtill,
From the firſt rules of child perſuaſion wrought,
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'ſt from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe:
For now behold the joyous winter days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and thro' the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crouds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies and as the ſeaſon keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer ſtreets flow their ſullen deeps,
Wan-ſtreaking, ſlow to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And numerous hearths at the fixing froſt.

What art thou, froſt! and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom even th'illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſened ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain

Shakes from afar. The full etherial round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late riſing o'er the drooping world,
Liſts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.

On blithſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poize, with all the various powers
Of buxom health, the face of Winter glows,
And every heart is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,
Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clusterd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Diveſted of his grandeurs, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd follow into the *Frigid Zone*;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide roams the *Ruſſian* exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns far diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich *Cathay*,
With news of human-kind. Yet their life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour; tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of glofſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen ſnow; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,

* The old name for *China*.

Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beat out breath in vain, and pitcous bray,
Deep-plung'd in forth' enfanguin'd snows, lies
And with hoof-beats rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see *Bootes* urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,

* The North-West wind.

† The wandering *Scythian Clans.*

They

They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the ſelfiſh ever-fortun'd mind
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rain-deer form their riches. Theſe their food,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring ſteps to *Finland* fairs.
With'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods,

Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy mountains riſe,
And ſpring'd with roſes † *Tenglia* rolls the ſtream,
They drove the copious fry. With ſtealth, at eve,
Their cheerful hearted to their tents repair;
Where, if they long in uſeful toils employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare,
Theirs happy riſe! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom ſelf intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters wo.

STILL preſſing on beyond *Torneä's* lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt *Greenland*, to the pole itſelf,
Where failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;

* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on *the Figure of the Earth*, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, ſays—"*From this height we had opportunity* "*ſeveral times to ſee theſe vapours riſe from the lake which* "*the people of the country call* Maitios, *and which they deem* "*to be the guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been* "*frighted with ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but* "*ſaw none. It ſeem'd rather a place of reſort for* Fairies "*and Genii, than bears.*"

† The ſame Author obſerves—"*I was ſurpriſed to ſee* "*upon the banks of this river (the* Tenglio) *roſes of as live-* "*ly a red as any that are in our gardens.*"

And

And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath * another ſky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his tumultuous court;
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the pale tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.

THENCE winding eaſtward to the *Tartar's* coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,

* The other hemiſphere.

Stagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies southward. Miserable they! who here
Entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the † BRITON'S fate,
As yet successful, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,

† Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the north-east passage.

Doze

Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſkulk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes dropping all,
Sheds more than twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd ſavage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man? Wide ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal PETER! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her ſens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the *Man*.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unwearied playing the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of *Europe* home he goes!

Then

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
The astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the north,
And awing there stern *Othman*'s shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what is wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Athwart

Athwart the rifted deep: at once it hurſts.
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd
That, all amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the lhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Hunger-ſtaving hunger, ſtarting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the crath of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renewed with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſened brine, while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Beading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that *ever waking eye*,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,

Thy

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
The ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,

And

And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A HYMN.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER theſe,
Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY ſun
Shoots full perfection thro' the ſwelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
THY bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and ſtorms
Around

Around THEE thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, THOU bidſt the world adore,
And humbleſt Nature with THY northern blaſt.

MYSTERIOUS round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, every-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day:
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth:
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe SPIRIT in your freſhneſs breathes:
Ye talk of HIM in ſolitary glooms!

Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And yet whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who bade the aſtoniſh'd world, liſt ſight to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſoftet floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him: whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.
Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reapers heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls; be huſh'd the proſtrate world,

While

While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye valleys, raiſe; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night his praiſe.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.
Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
For me; when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

End of the First Volume.

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